

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 126.

THE CULTIVATION OF LOVE.

The following is a condensed copy of an article on "What Love Is," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was written in response to a request for a definition of love, and is copied from a clipping from the paper in which it appeared, the name of which I was unable to ascertain, but in all probability it was the New York Journal.

"Love is the law of the universe. It is the motive power underlying all existence.

"It is the love impulse of nature which gives us foliage, flowers and fruits. Every blade of grass is a love word of the earth for the sun, and every ray of the sun is a declaration of his passion for the earth.

"Whoever loves most widely and warmly is most in harmony with the universe.

"Love is the secret of all success. By your capacity for loving will your achievement be measured.

"Love is a magnet. No purpose or object can resist the influence of a great and persistent love any more than the needle can resist the pole.

"Love is godlike in its creative power. It creates happiness, health, success and inspiration. It destroys nothing but hatred and death. He who loves much cannot hate. Neither can he die, for love makes him immortal.

"With every loving thought we rise one step nearer to divinity. Every love thought sent out into space becomes a living force for good, which helps to regenerate and bless all mankind. He who sits in the silence of his room and sends forth living thoughts toward humanity does more for the world than he who toils much, inspired only by ambition and selfish greed.

"Love between the sexes is like a jewel from heavenly mines in an earthly setting—a flower from paradise fanned by winds from a lower realm; a poem written by the spirit and put to music by the senses.

"When a woman loves her soul is the powerhouse, and its radiance is sent through her whole being, heart, brain and body.

"A man's love is more like an acorn dropped in the soil of his senses. Sometimes the tree is stunted and it never rises far above the soil which gave it root. Sometimes its branches touch heaven.

"Love has many phases and attractions. There are men and women who find love only fascinating when it is allied to danger. This may prove sport to men, but it always means tragedy to woman. For on love's field of Waterloo man is always the Wellington, woman the Napoleon.

"The greater love looks for the highest good of its object. Passion exists without love, but as soon as love exists without passion it is no longer love, but either friendship or religion. Much is written, sung and said on the subject of

love, yet only one heart in one hundred ever experiences the feeling in its full intensity.

"Pity, friendship and duty all go masquerading through the world as love, but they are as different from the real passion as the glowworm in the grass is from the sun in the midday heavens.

"Love is an ecstasy and an agony. It blinds and it illuminates. It electrifies and it paralyzes. It bestows wisdom and it overcomes reason. It is useless to seek it or try to avoid it. Like the lightning, it comes when and strikes where it will, and, too, like the lightning, it rarely strikes twice in one place.

"Love is the breath of God. Fill your being with the divine ether of love and no harm can approach you, no disaster touch you. All that you desire shall come to you and every life that comes within your radius shall be benefitted and blessed."

While copying the above the thought occurred to me, if love is such a power for good, why do we not cultivate and exercise this magic power. We are told that nothing can resist the marvelous influence of love—that it assures success in life, infuses all who truly love with health, happiness, beauty, inspiration, and even conquers death and hatred. Yet, how small the number of persons who are willing to make this mighty power a living reality of their lives.

I have recently been reading of the "Booster Club," of Chicago, which was organized for the purpose of encouraging and "boosting" everything that is public spirited and praiseworthy and discouraging all damaging and unkind criticism of your neighbor. Each member wears a Booster button, and this token, wherever seen, is intended as a warning that harsh criticism, gossip and evil speaking are offensive to the wearer.

Now, the thought occurs to me that a similar movement for the purpose of encouraging, promoting and developing the magic spark of love and condemning slanderous and vile defamation of character, persecution and ostracism, might become even a greater power in promoting human happiness.

Many acknowledge the marvelous power which love exerts for good, and yet they contend that it is to be entertained and exercised only under certain conditions, and that its general cultivation or exercise and free expression should be checked and condemned.

Now, if love is so ennobling, uplifting and inspiring, and imparts life and happiness to all who feel its magic spell, we should make it our life object to promote and exercise the fullest degree of love we are capable of expressing in our every-day relations with all of our associates.

I know it is asserted that "love cannot be made to order," yet I cannot doubt that in its highest, broadest, purest sense it is just as susceptible to cultivation and growth as the lily of the fields, and that all its blind, impulsive passion

can be overcome by judicious culture. I am not assuming that it would be possible for us to love any and everybody we met, but I do believe it possible for us to love whoever would be lovable or mutually attractive to us, and those who were not would, if they were free, surely find some one else to whom they were attractive, so that all might be happy. It is useless to portray charming dreams of love while we lack the requisite sincerity to practice it and live it to its fullest possibility.

"Resting in the arms of Jesus," as the young woman said, "often satisfies imagination in the absence of reality, but loving to your heart's content can only be experienced in the arms of your lover." So, too, it is with those who are yearning for companionship, appreciation, sympathetic affection and love, all of which they are deprived of by our perverted social customs, and those of us who are free from all of these enslaving shackles ought to find our greatest happiness in directing love to those who have been deprived of this sublime elixir. If it is cruelty or heartless selfishness to let a person die of hunger in the midst of plenty, it is even more so to passively allow countless thousands to endure the anguish of a lonely, loveless life and die in despair of affectional starvation, while the healing balm of love, which would cost us nothing to give, is jealously withheld, to be eaten up by rust because allowed to lie dormant when it ought to be exerted and given free expression. I would like to hear from all who would join an organization for the cultivation of love and the expression of their ideas through the medium of DISCONTENT, or if preferable, by letter. But please don't waste your time or mine unless you are in earnest. I have no time to fritter away for idle curiosity. Writers requesting an answer must enclose a stamp for postage as a guarantee of their sincerity. J. A. GILLIE.

A QUESTION OF PROFITS.

I dare to say, further, that not a brothel would be maintained here or elsewhere except for profit. I do not believe that such an institution would exist on the earth if there were not a profit in it. The British government maintains a regular system of prostitution, and even seeks out from the rural district of Great Britain good, healthy, clean, pure girls, and, under deliberate misrepresentation, sends them to India to be placed at the disposal of its soldiers on a stipulated schedule of prices—so much by the day or week, or month, or year, or for a series of years; but it would not maintain that horrible system—nay, the whole body of its people would rise up in horror against it—were it not for profit. It is for the sake of profit that British soldiers are in India, and it is solely for the sake of profit that she has soldiers at all. And the same is true of this and every other nation on earth.

And when it comes to gambling, society must lack all sense of humor when it attempts to cleanse these petty gambling dens. The whole industrial system, the whole commercial world, is one vast gambling den, and profit is the one thing that keeps it in existence one single day. And what is profit? Do we mean by that term the desire to add to one's material resources? Do we mean the wish for wealth? Not at all. Do we mean the well nigh universal desire to have that which one produces? Certainly not, for the man who receives the product of his own labor, and no more, does not receive any such thing as profit. He receives a profit only when he receives somewhat more than he has produced and some other man fails to receive the full measure of his product. Were every man who toils with hand or brain to receive just what he produces, or the credit for it—that which would entitle him to get by exchange a fair equivalent for his labor product—there would be no such thing on earth as profit. Perhaps it may be thought that we cannot decide—that no way can be found to determine—just what value each laborer has added to the raw material with which he works. Perhaps it might be said that no plan can be devised by which the value of an invention can be determined, and, therefore, we must leave it to the existing system of industrial and commercial force to decide the question. But one thing is certain, that if each man could be guaranteed in the possession of that and that only which is the legitimate product of his own toil, there would be no such thing as profit.

I have said that profit is the cause of the saloon, of the brothel, of the gambling den, whether they be respectable and legitimate or disreputable and illegal. I mean that profit is the cause of the institution. I do not mean that profit is the immediate cause of drunkenness or prostitution or other vices. And yet, I believe it is largely their indirect cause. And I will tell you why I think so. I maintain that the motive of profit is a demoralizing force. I hold that it corrupts, degrades and warps men and women. I hold, too, that it perpetuates that dominance of pure brute force which debases those who are its victims. All careful students of social conditions are a unit in saying that poverty is a most potent cause of vice. And poverty is the inevitable product of the profit system. The two are as inseparable as a man and his shadow. No intelligent man will question the statement that much of the curse of drink is the result of poverty and the conditions which poverty produces. Nor will any person at all acquainted with the facts question the assertion that no small part of prostitution is the product of poverty. If any fact of our civilization is established, it is the fact that economic conditions are responsible for a very large part of these two chief forms of vice. And no solution of the problem can even be begun until the problem of poverty is first solved.—Extract from a sermon by Wm. T. Brown, Rochester, N. Y.

DISCONTENT

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SOCIALISM.

How many kinds of Socialism have we? At Chicago a movement has taken the title "The Christian Socialist League of America." Of course, this does not represent all people who advocate "the science of reconstructing society" or the "substituting of cooperation for competition in every branch of human industry." Many of those who are most active in such a desired reform are as wide as the poles are asunder as opposed to Christianity. Furthermore this organization's declaration affirms: "Socialism is the only condition under which true Christian citizenship may be achievable." Had they left out the word "Christian" they would have hit the nail on the head; that word destroys the sense of the sentence. The claim of Christianity has a frail foundation, which science would not indorse. Its claim rests on the myth Jesus.

M. D. Conway, in "Modern Thought," says:

"The world has been for a long time engaged in writing lives of Jesus. But when we come to examine them one startling fact confronts us: all of these books relate to a personage concerning whom there does not exist a single scrap of contemporary information—not one. By accepted tradition he was born in the reign of Augustus, the great literary age of the nation of which he was a subject. In the Augustan age historians flourished; poets and orators, critics and travelers abounded; yet not one mentions even the name of Jesus Christ, much less an incident in his life. Of Jesus we have not one notice, not the faintest, slightest sentence or word on which history can fix as certain evidence that he ever lived at all."

There is the origin of Christianity's great character, whose moral teachings men of today seek to hold up for patterns of goodness personified. Why not drop the word Christian—that has no backing—and adopt a common sense term?

Socialism stands for that reform which we are constantly crying out for—equality. To tack the meaningless word thereto does but turn our interest most humane aside. Not that they abandon humanity's cause, but they labor with less support from those who know there is something wrong and long to see a way to remedy existing conditions. The word Christianity is a lie, and some people have too deep-rooted principles of honor to stand by a deceiving word. "It is better to die for a truth than to be honored by a lie."

Another quotation reads, "Charity begins at home." Again, "The first duty of society is to protect itself." Is it not a duty to protect others—protect them even from the belief that it is being a true Christian to become a Socialist? How many have united, and will unite with this movement who are not accepting Jesus in any sense? Doubtless a good many, simply because of the word Socialism, to which "Chris-

tian" is attached. This isn't right, and if some of the persons pledged to membership therewith, wishing to assist reform, would study Socialism from its rational side these would undoubtedly turn away from the nondescript movement to pure Socialism, wherein no fables have place.

Chicago. ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

My thinkbox must be sadly out of order or the other fellow's is, and it must be mine as usual. Some people handle terms as a pig would a musket. Socialism, as is generally defined, carries with it no religious idea whatsoever. Neither does it have any anti-religious idea. It is simply a plan for conducting production and distribution on the basis of hours of labor. The term Christian is applied to those who in some way are trying to follow the teachings of the Christ of the Bible. However deluded these people may be in my estimation, I cannot for the life of me see why a person cannot be a Socialist or Communist and at the same time be a Christian or Spiritualist or Materialist.

When people drift along to this place we do not care what kind of ists they are as long as they let all the rest of us be ists of another stripe without interference. We have people here who represent quite a number of different ideas on other lines, but at the same they are Anarchists, i. e., they let each do that which seems best to him or her. The Spiritualist, Agnostic, Materialist, Christians of different shades, Jews, etc., can be Socialists just as I can be a musician, medicine man and machinist. Of course, we can have the Infidel Socialist League of America.

Now, the only quarrel I have with the Socialists is on account of their compulsory tactics. They have the same old majority rule idea by which they will force the minority when they get to be a majority. They should not kick now when the majority has them down.

The only pure Socialism is the voluntary kind. Use force to compel people to do anything against their wills and Socialism ceases sooner or later. Underneath every colonization failure, if you dig deep enough, you will find coercion as the cause of it. Any social group that has to resort to force to carry out its ideas will soon come to grief. Of course, these Christians who are at the same time studying Socialism would do well to drop the first term and unite with all Socialists to carry out their plan, but people are being educated too fast in these days to try to better their condition by applying coercion to all the business of life when they can see the sad fix they are in by coercion in a few things. Give us freedom first, cooperation afterward. I do not know what kind of cooperation people will choose. I wish to see. G. H. ALLEN.

The practical attitude of many men and women of new thought toward love seems at variance with the theoretical attitude. It is as if they let themselves love only under protest, and approve themselves most when they love least. I say "least" because I am thinking of the line: "To divide is not to take away"—the line to which we are all saying amen with our tongues, and presumably with our hearts. Do you say: "It is not to add, either, perhaps"? It

is quite true that love is neither more nor less because one loves one, or two, or three, or five people. The force of a heart's outgoing is not measured by numbers. But exactly in proportion as you give your love nature its fling, as if it were an honorable part of your being, you do thereby increase your capacity for loving. Whenever you deliberately refrain from loving anyone whom you find yourself spontaneously drawing near, you do thereby and verily contract your heart. Do not think that there can be a transmutation of the love you might have for a new friend to the friend you call your lover. The passionate force of your true nature will enrich all lives, all loves, if you give your heart its way. But it will only shrivel your whole being if you deny its righteousness. And then the dishonesty of this attitude of suppression. You are with your lover, and your thoughts are with another. And you will not let yourself go to this other waiting heart and say: "I think of you and I love you." Instead, you keep quietly within those encircling arms, saying always to yourself—not aloud—the same refrain: "It is you I wish to love. I love you, and you I wish to love."—Bertha Marvain, in *Liberty*.

"The poll for the London school board is much smaller than it ought to be," says the *Daily News* (Nov. 13). Yet it spends nearly £3,000,000 and looks after nearly half a million children. Why, then, is it small? Simply because all compulsory systems sooner or later bore people and disgust them with their patricide disputes, their narrowness of view, and the mechanical abuse that each side showers on the other. Some day it will be counted as one of the strangest delusions of the race that they preferred to do their work all entangled together in one quarrelling mass, instead of quietly separating into friendly groups that could have done their work with real enjoyment, in peaceful fashion, without quarrelling and fighting. Was there ever a madder scheme than to tie the so-called progressives and moderates together and tell them to fight it out? What possible good can come of tying a cat and dog together and telling them to spend their life rending each other—*The Free Life*, London.

It never seems to occur to the vice crusaders that the really guilty people are those who employ girls at from \$2.50 to \$5 a week, requiring them to work 9, 10, 11 or 12 hours a day, often in dark, dirty and unventilated rooms. These employers make big profits and are able to move in good society, so called. Some of the girls can stand such conditions and live on a dull, monotonous, half-human life. Some die young—happy they! Some get discouraged and desperate, and take to an easier occupation by which they can earn a better living and have a little more freedom. Then the people in "good society" are shocked and make a great outcry. It would be funny if it were not so sad and so damnable wicked.—*The People*.

All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. All machines have their friction, but when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organized, I say let us not have such a machine any longer. —Thoreau.

FREE COMMUNISM VS. FREE COM-
MERCIALISM.

No. 4.

In his part 4 Mr. Brinkerhoff begins by finding fault with my definition and explanation of Free Commercialism, which he calls a "creed," and ends by accepting it, subject to his own interpretation. I shall have to be satisfied with that, and am the more inclined to be so as I accept Tucker's definition of the word "state," as quoted by my opponent, and I do not think we shall disagree as to the meaning of other specific terms. As to the alleged "creed," I can only say that in making it up I carefully embodied the ideas of the leading "plumbline" Anarchists in this country, and I believe it will stand the test of criticism. It is true I did not go very fully into details, or dwell especially upon the jury system favored by advocates of that school (which seems to be Mr. B.'s particular hobby), as that would have taken more space than I cared to use, but I think my explanation was sufficiently complete and clear for a working basis. Such matters as I have left untouched will no doubt be taken up and considered later on in the discussion. I think I have made a pretty sharp distinction between Archism (authority) and Anarchism (liberty) in my explanation. If Mr. B. can find anything in it which indicates that Free Commercialists favor authority it is in order for him to point it out. I have not yet said they do.

My opponent need not fear that I desire to commit his school to the belief that a millennial condition will immediately follow the abolition of the state. I have read Tucker, Yarros, and other writers on the subject too carefully to make that error; but I suppose friend B. will admit that Free Commercialists believe and contend that the condition of society immediately following the abolition of the state will approximate freedom, which is all I claim for his school.

There is no doubt, friend B., that the fittest system would survive in the long run. If production, distribution, etc., on a private property commercial basis should be found cheaper and better than communal or free production and distribution, the former would no doubt survive. Herein, I believe, lies our principal bone of contention: Mr. B. claiming that a system of Free Commercialism would be more economical and more natural and in every way superior to a system of Free Communism, while I contend that under free conditions—that is, in the absence of the state and invasive government—people will naturally group themselves into communal associations and carry on all the activities of life on a basis of Communism. Now, whoever shall present the best evidence in support of his theory will come nearest to proving his case. In this instance the intelligent readers of *DISCONTENT* will comprise the jury, and I am perfectly willing to accept their verdict.

Meantime, we cannot go any further without a pretty clear definition and description of the philosophy of Free Commercialism, which I shall attempt to give in my next paper unless my opponent renders it unnecessary by offering one himself.

WM. HOLMES.

Denver, Colo.

DISCONTENT

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"How strangely events transpire," said James. "Who would have thought Rollin and Jennie, when you two were teachers, and Ida and I were students, that your daughter and our son would be learning the sweetness of love or that we would be life-long friends. Ah, Jennie Blake, you little know how much is due to you! You cannot know the misery from which you saved us. There are some things in my life of which I am very much ashamed and I do not often refer to them, but I will unveil the past today, for I want Andrew to know what a true friend you, Jennie, have been to us."

And then, with his arm around Ida, he told of his cowardly desertion, of Jennie and Rollin's care of Ida, of Andrew's birth, of all the events as they occurred, and then said:

"When I tried to face the future, and felt that I would have to live alone, for it would have been alone if Ida had died, then I understood how low, how mean, I had been. Your training, my boy, has been such that you will be more of a man, and I am very happy at this consummation of my hopes. After all, there is nothing that will take the place of love. Without it life is, indeed, a barren waste."

Uncle Andrew came out to tell the people on the lawn that they were expected at the Glen to eat supper. When the family wished to celebrate any event it was always celebrated at the Glen, and so Andrew knew it was his homecoming that was the occasion of the present celebration.

Is there anything that brings out the sweetest and best of our nature like a ride in the bright moonlight? Andrew and Blossom thought not as they rode to the Glen that night with his arm around her and her head on his shoulder. There is no need of describing it, of telling what they said, of what they did, for love is love, and it is always the same sweet old story, ever renewing itself. The ride there was all too short, but the evening was enjoyed. All were happy.

The ride home. Why describe what was done or said? They loved with the passionate ardor of the young. They were free and knew that

"Where love is pure and love is real,
Where hearts are warm and hearts are
real,
What matters a bond, or form?
Yea, holier far than prayer of priest
Is the maiden's kiss of love;
And the faith of a true and sincere man
Was never helped by statute's plan
Where liberty smiled above."

No need of fussing and worrying over the trousseau, no paying some man a fee for asking if you will take this woman for your wife, or this man for your husband. No announcing to the world that you hold a title to this piece of flesh, no unwelcome children, no prying into private affairs.

Ah, Andrew and Blossom, your life is indeed a happy one!

Jennie had been faithful in her teaching, and Blossom entered into her love life fully prepared for its sweet enjoy-

ment. When Andrew asked "Why do you love me, pet?" she hesitated a moment and then said: "I cannot tell, Andrew, dear, I do not know; just because you are lovable." Could he have asked for a more satisfactory reply?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Howard wrote to Andrew semi occasionally. At first the letters were filled with praises of Mayme, and accounts of parties and guests were given. In one letter he wrote:

"There are some things hard for me to understand. I see there is a great difference in the manner of living here from that of Fairview, and while I am not ready to say that this way is the best, yet it has its advantages. I am willing to do anything to get Mayme, for I confess that I love her to the verge of distraction."

"He may find it distraction of another kind," Andrew said as he read the letter.

In a letter of a later date to Uncle Andrew Howard asked concerning the amount of money that would be his. "I want to know just how much I am worth. I have about concluded to enter the mercantile business, and if I can raise a certain amount I can enter into an old established firm as a junior partner."

To Andrew he wrote:

"I have asked Mayme to be my wife and she has consented. We will be married as soon as I get settled in a business way. Her father has offered me a partnership, and if I can get the necessary funds I will accept, then we will be married and live here. Mayme will not hear of leaving home; she says that she does not want the care of an establishment, and as she is the only daughter it does seem too selfish to ask her to leave the old folks. You may think it strange that I am going to be married, 'tied' as you say, but it is the only safe way. Mayme is gay and lively, and has a score of admirers, and I would not feel easy a moment if all that bound her to me was just her love. I want her to be mine. You will think me foolish, I know, after my father's experience, but I am borne along in a manner that is almost startling to me. If we were among different people I could do—well, I'll not say anything more of this."

"It may end all right; all who are legally married are not unhappy. Let us hope that Howard will be the exception and be very happy," was the only comment made when the letter was read.

Uncle Andrew sent Howard bills, accounts and checkbook. Sam and Rollin offered to buy his horses and cattle, and Howard found that he would have the capital needed. Jennie wrote him a loving, motherly letter, and sent him a present from the Fairview family—a check that would purchase all that fashion demanded.

Howard responded promptly, thanking them for their kindness, and invited them to the wedding, which would take place the following month, and wrote that "Mayme insists on Andrew coming. She says she fell in love with him, but as she could not captivate him she had to take me. I told her he was such a steady old fellow that he never thought of the girls. I wish you would come, Andrew; I long to see you again."

A family council was held. Uncle

Andrew insisted that some one should go. He said:

"It is not right; he will think that we have lost all interest in him if we pay no attention to his invitation."

"It seems to me, Andrew, that you are the one who should go. You were his father's friend, and were like a father to the boy," was the opinion Aunt Marian expressed.

"I am going," Andrew, Jr., said, "but I think some of the ladies should go, and I would like to have Blossom see a fashionable wedding."

So it was decided that Uncle Andrew, Andrew, Jr., and Blossom would attend the wedding.

Howard read the decision with feelings of mingled joy and displeasure. He had felt very sure that he loved Blossom, but the ring he had bought for her he had placed on Mayme's finger.

"Did Blossom know of that conversation with Aunt Jennie?" he asked himself.

Mayme had been very free with her remarks regarding Andrew—his lovely eyes and hair, his handsome face and fine figure—and it must be confessed that Howard felt that he would rather not hear any more, but he was too much of a man to let such feelings predominate, so he sent back a cordial invitation, with a dainty note from Mayme, asking them to come a week before the wedding. "Howard has just told me of his cousin Blossom, or I would have sent you a personal invitation long ago."

"So Blossom is his cousin; all right, but I did not know of the relationship," Rollin remarked.

The all important subject of dress was discussed. "A fashionable wedding means 'full dress,'" Jennie had said while planning with Blossom.

"You mean half dress," laughed Rollin.

"Call it that if you want to; when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do," to some extent."

"Of course, little wife, I do not want Howard to be ashamed of his cousin, and Blossom must not appear odd."

At last they were ready. Andrew and Blossom were to spend a week with Mayme's family; Uncle Andrew was to come the day before the wedding.

"I do not think that Howard will be ashamed of his country cousin," Mary said as she kissed Blossom goodby.

"Ashamed!" exclaimed Andrew; "he will be proud of her. There will not be a more beautiful lady there, not even the bride. Oh, I know, for I have seen her."

No, Howard was not ashamed, for when he saw her as she stepped from the train he exclaimed to himself, "Jove! I had no idea that she was so beautiful!"

A silver gray costume fitted the perfect, rounded form, gloves and hat to match; no bright colors, severely plain, some might say, but it suited her perfectly. Her hair was soft and abundant, and curled over the forehead and around the ears, and it took only a glance to see that nature, not hot irons, had done the curling. The color had not changed but was the same golden that had been so much admired when she was a child. The blue eyes were large and clear, the features delicate, the face flushing a pretty pink upon the slightest occasion, and the lips even when in repose seemed ready to smile. A beautiful face, a lov-

able face, which, though childish in expression, showed firmness of character.

As they were driving to the Bartlett residence Howard asked regarding the family and wanted to know when Uncle Andrew was coming.

"Grandfather thought he would be homesick if he stayed away from Fairview a week, but he will come Tuesday."

"Mama sent all sorts of good wishes and congratulations, as indeed did all the family; I cannot remember everything, but, Howard, we all wish you joy."

"Thank you, Blossom, I surely should be happy."

Mayme had been watching from one of the upper windows and had said to herself, "I want to see that cousin that Howard forgot to mention. I'd wager she is some green country gawky that I'll be ashamed to have my friends meet. I wonder how Andrew Crawford had the courage to travel with her, as handsome and distinguished as he is. But there they are, and she is a fine-looking girl. I wish I had caught Andrew instead of Howard," and Mayme Bartlett went down to meet her guests.

When she was introduced to Blossom she said: "I think it is something mysterious that Howard never mentioned your existence until a week ago. I wonder now if you didn't jilt him."

"Oh, no," said Blossom, with a smile, "but how could you expect Howard to think or talk of me when he was so in love with you?"

After an effusive greeting to Andrew Mayme said to Howard: "Will you show Mr. Crawford his room? The one next to yours. I will take Miss Carr to my room." As they went upstairs she said "I would like for you to room with me, if you do not care."

"As you please," courteously answered Blossom.

"You will have just time enough to dress for dinner. Mama is out shopping, but will be home soon."

The trunks had been brought up and as Blossom unpacked hers she said:

"Excuse me, but will the dinner be a formal one?"

"Yes, there are several guests, among them some pretty 'tony' folks. We always dress for dinner. You did not bring your maid?"

"No, that is an article for which I have no use. If I need any help about dressing mama always helps me, and I aid her."

"Oh, I wouldn't like that, my mama is so fussy."

Blossom did not know how to reply, this was a new world to her, so she said nothing.

"Who does your hair?"

"I arrange it."

"What, curl it and all?"

"Oh, it curls itself."

Mayme had a maid and she came in response to her mistress' ring. A deep red silk dress and diamond ornaments were laid out, and then the curling, frizzing and powdering began.

Blossom was in the bathroom when the maid began dressing Mayme, and the maid said: "I suppose I am to help Mr. Howard's cousin to dress?"

"No; she says that she never needs any help; she does it herself."

A sneering smile was on the maid's lips, but before she could reply Blossom came in. She had loosened her hair while in the bathroom and both Mayme and the maid exclaimed at the length and thickness.

(To be continued.)

DISCONTENT

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

K. E. Larkin is finishing the clearing of Mary C. Parker's second acre.

We have had two more days of snow since the last issue of *DISCONTENT*.

J. E. Jones sold his improvements to E. C. Miles and left here on the 5th instant.

Work on the house for Joe Heiman is progressing. He expects his brother in the next week or two.

Lois Waisbrooker arrived here on the 5th, and the next issue of her paper, "Clothed With the Sun," will be gotten out at HOME.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 18 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 22 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 75 people here—22 men, 21 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

MORE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRAVELER.

Comrade Gordak has been telling some truth about the Boston Traveler and I propose to tell a little more. In the first place let me say that it has, during the past three years, published more letters from the radicals of the country, in its "People's Column," than all the other Boston dailies combined. Of course it is easy to point out, as Comrade Gordak has done, cases where the paper might do much better work for the labor movement, but then, we are bound to take things as they are, while striving to do all we can to make conditions better. Comrade Gordak tells how he was turned down by the editor of the people's column, but, unless he had his letters returned to him, can he be sure that such was the fact? I am quite sure that I was the first to call his attention to this feature of the paper, and to suggest to him that letters from his pen might do some good in that quarter, and when his articles appeared I was careful to send him a paper whenever his letters appeared. So far as my memory serves me, he had the last blow at his opponent, so it seems to me that there has been a chance, in this case at least, for our comrade to have missed seeing his letter.

Now, let us see just what is being done for the cause of truth in this paper. The opponents of vaccination, such men as Doctors Leverett, Greene and Connor, have driven the advocates of this humbug from the paper. Able expo-

nents of Anarchism—Gordak, Labadie, Palmer and Bailie, for instance—have upheld this doctrine in a most effective manner.

F. B. Livesey, whose letters in behalf of human freedom are now appearing in all the great dailies of the country, has had scores of his articles printed in the Traveler, while no doubt many have been consigned to the waste basket. So, in summing up the case, it seems that we have much to be thankful for to the manager of this important Boston daily for permitting so many of us the chance to speak the word for liberty in its columns.

J. T. SMALL.

Province town, Mass.

THE LABOR RECORD:

I wish to call the attention of every lover of liberty who reads *DISCONTENT* to the Labor Record, published by R. L. Zin, 729 Main street, Joplin, Mo. Comrade Zin has been a social revolutionist since 1884; by birth a Russian Jew, left his native country in 1879, since that date has lived in London and later came to St. Louis. Last April he started the Labor Record, under great difficulties and hampered by his poor command of English and the fact that he works at his trade, that of tailor, by day, and the work on the paper is done necessarily at night. This may account for its being truly a beautiful and clear star twinkling in the black night of ignorance. Comrade Zin is in a position to get the ear of the men of the labor unions, that is, of those who have ears to hear. Let us cooperate with his valiant efforts and give him material aid and timely appreciation.

Every paper that champions the cause of liberty should be kept alive if possible, as each one acquaints a new circle with the ideas that are the basis of true progress. Besides being a mouthpiece for the oppressed, the Labor Record publishes news items of the world of labor that are of the greatest interest to everyone of us who wish to keep posted.

KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p.m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a.m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Heiman \$1, King \$1, Breidau 50c, Stowell 50c.

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Containing 116 pages, a beautiful lithographic plate of a group of different fowls in natural colors, engravings of all kinds of land and water poultry, descriptions of the breeds, plans for poultry houses, how to manage an incubator, all about caponizing, and the value of different breeds. It will be mailed to anyone for 15c. by the Associated Fanciers, 400 N. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Shall We Do To Be Saved

From the hells that plutocracy is preparing for us? Send us 25 cents in coin or postage stamps for a copy of "Regeneration of Society" and three other pamphlets that give rational answers to the above question, and at the same time receive a free trial subscription for 13 weeks to Lucifer, the Light Bearer, a radical, wide-awake, fearless, up-to-date, eight-page weekly journal. The Light Bearer Publishing Company, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Price, 15 cents. For sale by *DISCONTENT*.

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Grant Allen needs no introduction to reading, thinking men and women. Man of science, a writer of charming expository and imaginative prose, he was, perhaps, at his best when bravely leading on, as in this brilliant brochure, in the fight against degrading religious and moral superstitions and time-sacred wrongs. No brief description can tell you what this splendid little work embraces, no short excerpts can satisfy you. Price 5 cents.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1888, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land, he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS WANTED

To introduce our Lightning Grease Remover. Will remove grease, paint, oil, etc., from clothing, silk, etc. Every package guaranteed to do as represented or money refunded. Cannot be equated as a kid glove cleaner. Sample outfit 25c. Address N. M. JEWELL, South Calera, Ala.